

# Animals

OUR DUMB

STATE LIBRARY OF MASSACHUSETTS

OCT 31 1956

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON



THE DISC JOCKEY

Photo, Marge

JAN 16 1957



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW

Circulation Mgr. — MARY C. RICHARDS

★

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.15. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.

★

**MANUSCRIPTS** relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

**PHOTOGRAPHS** should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

**VERSE** about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

## IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse. No remuneration for material used on Children's Pages except by arrangement.

★

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Second-Class mail privileges authorized at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

BOSTON VOLUME 89 — No. 11

## Animals

NOVEMBER, 1956

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868 - 1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910 - 1948

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS  
AND  
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

★

## Officers

DR. ERIC H. HANSEN President  
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary  
WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Treasurer—Senior Vice-Pres., First Boston Corp.  
EUNICE C. PICKETT, Asst. Treasurer

★

ALBERT A. POLLARD  
Director of Education

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.  
Director of Veterinary Medicine

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY &amp; STOREY, Counsel

★

## Trustee of Permanent Funds — Old Colony Trust Company

## INVESTMENT ADVISORY COMMITTEE

LLOYD D. BRACE, President, First National Bank of Boston  
WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Senior Vice-President, First Boston Corp.  
GEORGE F. BENNETT, Vice-President, State Street Investment Corp.

★

J. ROBERT SMITH  
Asst. to the President

MARGARET J. KEARNS  
Dir. Public Relations

JOSEPH P. MOONEY  
Natl. Field Secretary  
DONALD H. HANSEN  
Field Secretary

JOHN C. MACFARLANE  
Dir. Livestock Conservation  
LESTER A. GILES, JR.  
Dir. Wild-Life Conservation

## Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Prosecuting Officers in Boston  
Tel. (complaints, ambulances) LONGWOOD 6-6100

HERMAN N. DEAN, Chief Officer  
HOWARD WILLAND GERALD E. GRIFFIN  
Middlesex, Norfolk & Suffolk Counties

## County Prosecuting Officers

JOHN T. BROWN, Wenham Essex  
HARRY C. SMITH, Worcester Worcester, Hampden,  
Hampshire, Franklin  
CHARLES E. BROWN, New Bedford Bristol and Plymouth  
HAROLD G. ANDREWS, Hyannis Barnstable  
WILLIAM D. JONES, D.V.M., Edgartown  
T. KING HASWELL, Pittsfield Dukes and Nantucket  
Berkshire, Hampden  
Hampshire and Franklin

## Nevins Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter

Methuen  
JOSEPH E. HASWELL, Superintendent

## Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 180 Longwood Avenue  
Boston, 109 Northampton Street  
Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street  
Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road  
Hyannis, State Road Rte. 28, Centerville  
Wenham, Cherry Street  
Brockton, 226 Pearl Street  
Martha's Vineyard, Edgartown  
Nantucket, Atlantic Avenue

## Branches and Auxiliaries

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — CARROLL  
A. DOLAN, Pres.; MRS. HUGH TATLOCK, Sec.

Martha's Vineyard Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—FOOTE  
Memorial — MISS KATHARINE CORNELL, Chairman.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary — MRS. HOWLAND  
NOYES, Pres.; MRS. JOHN H. CLARKE, Treas.

## American Humane Education Society

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Director of Education  
Educational Staff  
Mrs. Edward Bidwell Gordon Johnston

★

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital  
and Dispensary for Animals

180 Longwood Avenue Boston, Mass.  
Tel. Longwood 6-6100

## Veterinarians

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
C. LAWRENCE BLAKELY, V.M.D., Dir. of Surgery  
TODD O. MUNSON, V.M.D.  
RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.  
HANS MEIER, D.V.M., Acting Pathologist  
WILLIAM A. WILCOX, D.V.M.  
ELIZABETH A. FORTUNE, V.M.D.  
JEAN HOLZWORTH, D.V.M.  
MARGARET L. PETRAK, V.M.D.  
ROBERT C. GRIFFITHS, D.V.M.

## Rowley Memorial Hospital and Shelter, Springfield

Telephone 4-7353  
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.  
CHARLENA B. KIBBE, Publicity

## Veterinarians

ALEX R. EVANS, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
WILLIAM E. ROY, D.V.M.  
JOSEPH M. STOYAK, V.M.D.  
RONALD G. NORTH, D.V.M.

## Northampton Street Animal Clinic

RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Veterinarian in Charge

Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Clinics & Shelters  
WILLIAM D. JONES, D.V.M., Veterinarian in Charge

---

---

## *Experiments on Animals*

**I**N 1907 — almost fifty years ago—the Royal S. P. C. A. of London, England, printed in its annual report the following statement here quoted in part:

“The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded to protect animals generally, and not for the suppression of any kind of cruelty in particular. The Members of the Society are drawn from all classes, and there is a considerable difference of opinion amongst some of them upon various subjects, although on others they are practically agreed. On the question of vivisection, for instance, there is a wide diversity of opinion; many persons objecting to any kind of vivisection, while others object only to painful experiments; others, again, consider that vivisection is necessary for the advancement of science in the interests of mankind.

“The attitude taken up by the Society, almost since its foundation, has been that it deprecates all experiments on animals which cause pain, but as regards experiments which cause no pain there is no ground for interference by the Society, because the question of cruelty does not arise. The Society, therefore, is of the opinion that all severely painful experiments should be carried out while the animal in question is completely under the influence of an anaesthetic, and that it should be destroyed before the effect of the anaesthetic has been removed.”

The statement quoted is still the Royal S.P. C. A.'s position today, and the English Society has steadfastly fought for the rights of animals and vigorously opposed any attempts to compel that Society to turn animals over for experimental purposes. In a letter dated September 1953, to THE TIMES of London, the R. S. P. C. A. Chairman, Lord Merthyr, said in part as follows:

“It is always the desire of the R. S. P. C. A. to act reasonably, to listen to all the arguments for or against any proposal affecting animals, and to meet those who oppose the Society's attitude towards any problem, with a view to finding a happy solution, if that is at all possible. Nevertheless, on this matter of using stray dogs for experimental purposes, we can admit no compromise; and any attempt to alter the existing regulations, which forbid such a practice, will be faced with resolute opposition by the R. S. P. C. A. We consider that the mere fact that a dog has become a stray means that he has suffered; and to change the law here, as has been done in the United States, would be a step of a most retrograde kind. Furthermore, the Society could not break faith with the public, who hand their dogs, cats and other pets to us in order that we may give them a painless end.”

The position of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. on this question is well known to all our readers and members who readily recall our stand in past years when we vigorously opposed animal surrender legislation in Massachusetts and helped defeat at least three such attempts.

In 1956, many humane societies in the United States and many individual humanitarians are still struggling with the issue of trying to find a solution to a vexing problem, and we think it is fair to state that most humane societies today are composed of people with the same varied opinions on experiments on animals as are quoted above.

We wonder how our readers feel about the Royal S. P. C. A.'s stand on this controversial problem — and we would like to hear from you. Your opinions would be most interesting and helpful to us. May we hear from you?

E. H. H.

---

---

# "Miss Boogie" and "Mr. Chips"

By Virginia Dailey

EVERYONE was positive that Miss Boogie would never accept a cat in her home. If any dog in the neighborhood was spoiled, it was she. We had bought her at the tender age of five weeks, a mongrel of many ancestors, and she had become the center of our home.

She developed into a stubborn, tenacious individualist with a child's prerogatives in a childless home. She put us on schedule immediately, arousing us each night at least once and sometimes twice, for a sojourn around the yard. She refused to sleep in the basement and selected the pillows on our bed for her resting place. She liked the colored movies we took of her and her subsequent seven pups, but anything else bored her, and she would yawn and scratch until the movies were finished. Yet, with all her independence and refusal to conform to the training books, she was a lovable, affectionate companion.

After her puppies were gone, she went through a frustrated period during which she scoured the neighborhood for companionship, but with little or no success, even though there were several dogs living nearby.

Consequently, against advice, we adopted a brother for Miss Boogie, a nondescript gray and white kitten whom we called Mr. Chips. We brought him home with fear and trepidation, wondering how long it would be before Miss Boogie chased him from the premises. When they were introduced, she sniffed him suspiciously and with little cordiality. He responded by slapping her on the nose, at which insult, she yelped and ran, her dignity offended. At that moment, we were sure that any possible friendship between the two was ended.

There were no more conflicts between them that night. In the morning, after they were both fed, I put them out on the step together. Shortly afterward, I was confounded to see Mr. Chips snuggled up against Miss Boogie, while she washed his face. From that time on, Boogie ceased to look for other friends.

Boogie would stand back until Chips ate all he wanted from their shared dish, and then finish what he left, which usually was very little. She suffered all the indignities a lively kitten can inflict.

Her maternal instinct evidently came to the fore, for she took on the responsibility of defending Chips from all visitors. This was an unceasing task, since the immediate neighborhood boasted of several dogs who had earned the reputation of cat-killers. Boogie stood between Chips and any and all dogs, even those who appeared friendly to him. She, usually rather timid with other dogs, became ferocious when Chips was concerned, and chased trespassers to the yard limits. Chips basked in this unexpected attention and lavished all his cat affection upon her.

Mr. Chips grew up to be a huge cat with a placid disposition, but Boogie continued her voluntary protectorate over him long after he was well able to defend himself.

Oddly, the very dogs who chased the other cats in the vicinity never bothered Chips and would even sit on the steps, side by side with him like bosom companions. We never knew whether it was due to his own character or whether Boogie's defensive attitude had taught them to show the proper respect for her cat.

## Thank You

TO all those who so generously responded to our appeal for much needed funds to be sent to Fez, Morocco, for the work of the American Fondouk, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks.

We can think of no more worthy charity. We can think of nowhere where contributions go further for the betterment of animal conditions and for the suppression of cruelty.

The need for contributions is continuous. Funds must be sent to Fez each month for the upkeep of the clinic and the investigation of cruelty.

## Song for "Turk"

By Ruby Zagoren

FRANZ Joseph Haydn was visiting the great Italian tenor, Venziano Rauzzini at his home in Bath, England. The composer and singer strolled together in the garden where they came upon a gravestone which read, "Turk was a faithful dog and not a man."

Rauzzini explained that the dog was "the best friend I ever had. Turk was my closest companion. No matter what time I returned from the opera, he was waiting, his tail wagging with delight. In a thousand ways he showed me how much he loved me. So, when he died, I buried him in the garden he loved, and I placed this memorial over his grave."

Haydn loved dogs, too. Besides, he liked the inscription on Turk's gravestone. So, in appreciation of Rauzzini's memorial to Turk, Haydn, the great composer, set the words on the stone to music. He composed a round of four voices, each voice singing the same tune, though starting at a different time.

As a result, Turk became the one dog who "by his connection with a great singer and still greater composer, has attained nearly the rank of a person," according to one musical authority. In addition, the article about Turk is the only article on any animal in the noted Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, classic musical reference work. As a matter of fact, the article about Turk was omitted after the second edition, but at the urgent request of several correspondents, it was restored to the fourth edition.

Papy Haydn's three-day visit to Rauzzini was back in 1794. That was a long time ago, and though many have searched through the southeast part of Bath where Rauzzini's house and garden were, all trace of his memorial to Turk has vanished.

Only Haydn's round for four voices remains as a tribute to the dog, Turk, and to the affection that inspired the inscribed gravestone. Whatever happened to Turk's grave and its inscribed stone, one may never know. It has been lost with the ages like many another precious thing. There is no reminder now of Turk except the tribute by Haydn. That will never die—"Turk was a faithful dog and not a man."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A group of wild turkey toms at an Oklahoma wildlife refuge.

# A Native American Is

## Mr. Tom Turkey

By W. A. Swallow

THE early colonists of our country quite probably brought turkeys with them to the new world. And they were no doubt astonished to find this bird, that they were accustomed to as a barnyard fowl in their old homes, living in large numbers throughout this strange country.

Arriving in Virginia, the colonists found turkeys there before them. In their first landing on Cape Cod, the Pilgrims noted their presence and it is reported that Miles Standish told of finding the woods full of turkeys on his first scouting expedition.

Actually, the turkey is a true American and one of the most characteristic birds on this continent—so much so, in fact, that Benjamin Franklin argued that the turkey should be selected as our national emblem instead of the bald eagle.

The bird was not known to the people of Europe until the Spaniards took some specimens from Mexico, where the Aztecs had already domesticated them. There is a record that Cortez sent turkeys to Spain as early as 1517. From Spain, this bird was gradually introduced into France, Italy, Germany, the Low Countries and from there, across the Channel into England, just about in time for specimens to be transported back across the Atlantic to

share, or to be shared, in our first Thanksgiving Day.

In those early days there were, it seems, two different families of these birds inhabiting North America—those of Mexican origin, distinguished by the white-tipped feathers of the lower back and tail, and those inhabiting the Allegheny Mountain region whose tail feathers were a rich chestnut-brown.

The turkey population in the colonies eventually became somewhat mixed since it seems evident that some of the wild birds were probably caught and domesticated and without doubt some of the domesticated birds, brought from England, escaped into the woods to mate with their wild prototypes.

Today, there are a number of intermediate forms in the Southwest, one, in southern Florida, with narrower barring on the wings and smaller than the northern bird. In the course of domestication

and commercial raising various strains have come into being that are widely different from the original stock. In southern Mexico the Ocellated Turkey represents a quite distinct species.

But, much as we know about this bird; much as we have delved into its history, there is still one question that appears to be without solution. That is, where or why was the name "turkey" given to such an American citizen?

Some writers suggest that this bird was confused for years with the guinea fowl, which is thought to have reached Europe from Africa by way of Turkey and called, at one time, the Turkeycock. What seems even more unexplainable is the fact that when the two were eventually distinguished as different birds, the name turkey was bestowed upon the wrong bird.

Another tradition accounts for the name as originating from the call of the bird, "turk-turk-turk. . ."



Rabbits can look behind and in front at the same time.

## Eye Oddities

By George S. Lookabaugh

**S**OME of the most interesting types of eyes are to be found in the realm of wildlife.

Since the elephant is one of our largest land animals it would be a logical guess to attribute it with having the largest eyes of all the land animals, but the horse prances away with that record.

Then along swims the whale proudly holding the record of having the largest eyes of all animals. Upon closer observation it is also found that the whale's right eye is somewhat larger than the left one.

Bringing the eye discussion down to a fine point the largest eye found on land does not belong to an animal, but to that long-legged bird, the ostrich.

Br'er rabbit has eyes which enable him to see behind as well as in front without moving his head. Overlapping fields of vision make this possible and is a safety asset to Br'er.

Most night-roaming animals have eyes that shine in the dark, but animals active mostly during the daylight hours, like rabbits, possess non-luminous eyes.

The pupils of a wolf's eyes are oblique slits.

Sailfish have eyes which have triangular pupils.

The first noticeable thing of something being different about the solitary frog is its eyes. They are a bright yellow and have two black lines crossing each pupil at right angles.

That night rambler, the owl, needs only one-tenth to one-hundredth of the amount of light needed by man to see objects.

Ancient Buddhists chose the fish as a symbol of watchfulness against temptation because the eyes of fish are never closed. The reason is because fish have no eyelids.

## Outsmarted by a Burro

By Anne Evans Bancroft

**A** MAN who had mining interests in Colorado told me this true story.

High up on the side of a mountain is the shaft opening to a gold mine and grouped around it is a camp where the miners live. They have to be supplied from the stores at the foot of the mountain.

Every day the men there loaded twenty burros with supplies and sent them up the trail to the camp at the top of the mountain where they were unloaded and sent back down the trail. Every day nineteen came back without their packs but one was always still loaded.

Then telephone arguments were held between the men at the mine and those at the supply shed.

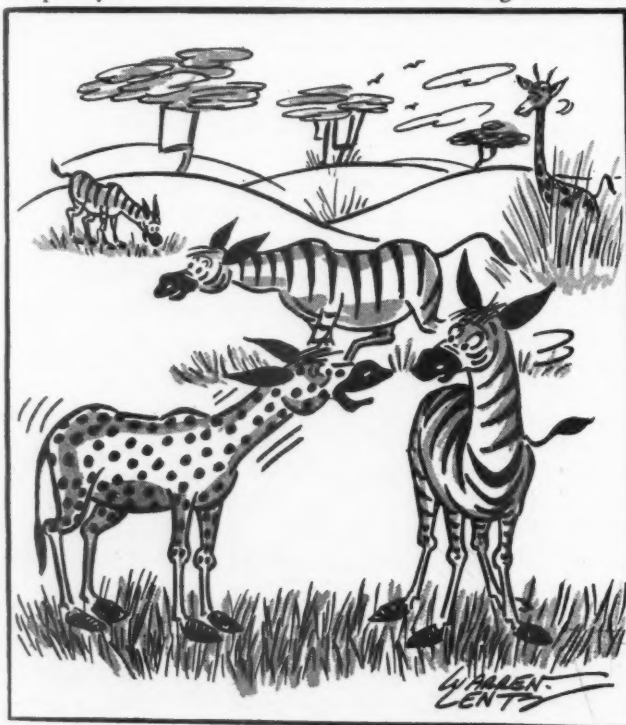
"What's the matter with you fellows? Can't you count? Why don't you unload all the burros we send up?"

"What are you giving us? Of course we can count. We did unload every burro. Every single one."

"You didn't!"

The controversy grew heated and acrimonious. Finally a man at the foot of the mountain started to investigate and give the men at the mine "what for." Both the gangs watched and counted and checked. This is what happened.

At the first zigzag turn of the trail, the burros were out of sight from the foot of the mountain. At this point one little burro dropped out of the procession and while the others toiled up the long, steep climb, he took his ease nibbling grass until the nineteen burros who had done their duty came by. Then the quitter joined the others and came into the camp looking completely blameless. He had not made that long hard climb.



"I got tired wearing stripes!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

UNTIL a few days ago, I'd have said there was nothing—absolutely nothing—that Mr. Blue could do that would shock, astound or even surprise me. But that was before an itinerant toad moved into the geranium bed. Since then, I'm moved to believe there is no end to our dog's eccentricities and that I may as well be prepared for anything.

The episode of the toad had its beginning one evening while I was washing dishes. Outside, in the geranium bed, I could hear Mr. Blue carrying on a guttural, one-sided conversation and from his tone, knew that the creature bombarded was none of his familiar companions. For strangers, he has a deep, sharp bark; neighbors he greets with a low, "wow—woo" sound, followed by a tearing yawn. Stray cows or the like, meet with something part-bark, part-snarl. But this was his "spider and the fly" routine—his coaxing, wheedling, "come on now, let's be friends", approach.

Another stray "critter", I thought unhappily, and was wondering where I could dispose of it should it be a kitten, when Mr. Blue left off his "sweet talk" to gag and sputter, to snort and blow.

Hornets, I surmised, knowing they liked the privacy of the dense growing geraniums, and hurried out to discourage an attack on our dog with a spray from the hose.

If there were any hornets about, I didn't see them, but Mr. Blue was obviously in trouble. He was rolling on the lawn, frothing at the mouth and looking for all the world as though he were having a fit.

I was about to seize him, when he got up and began scooting his jaws along the grass, first one side, then the other. Still thinking he'd been stung, I was wondering what I could do about it, when my eyes picked up something that was hopping with great strides from the middle of the yard toward the geranium bed.

"So that's it!" I said disgustedly, and turning to Mr. Blue demanded, "Won't you ever learn to leave toads alone?"

Picking up the toad, I carried it to the standpipe and dropped the long-legged character inside. There are two openings in the pipe just above the valve through which he could escape when he felt like it, and in the meantime, he was safe from Mr. Blue's advances. But apparently, the toad preferred Mr. Blue's society to confinement, because a few minutes later, I heard the dog continuing his persuasive sales talk.

Since the toad wouldn't stay put and Mr. Blue wouldn't let it alone, I brought the dog inside and closed the door.

The next morning, however, the dog had the toad cornered again and, when the little creature wouldn't accompany Mr. Blue wherever he wanted it to go, he picked it up and carried it to the back porch. Once again, there was a loud sputtering, a frothing at the mouth and the usual face-wiping on the grass.

"Toads in the house I will not stand for!" I said and taking the little amphibian, carried it to the vineyard.

Persistent as Mr. Blue is, the toad was more so. He liked the geranium bed and apparently he meant to live out his life there, dog or no dog. But Mr. Blue had other plans for his new interest.

It was on the fourth or fifth day following his discovering, that I noticed him covering something with his bed. Hiding a bone from Sheila, I thought, and swept around the bundle of sweaters. But Sheila, I noticed, was uncommonly interested

# "Mr. Blue" Eccentric

By Ina Louez Morris



*With so many adoring friends, you'd think Mr. Blue would be satisfied.*

in whatever the bed contained, and was circling round and round it, whistling through her nostrils and extending a tentative paw, as though to scrape the bedding away.

Each time she made a pass at the bed, Mr. Blue would growl and lower his head in a protective gesture over a small mound in the center of the heap.

These shenanigans continued on and off all morning. At last, tiring of the growling and the prancing, I made to remove whatever it was that was causing the commotion. But this wasn't as easy to do as it might seem. The moment I stretched out my hand, Mr. Blue bunched the sweaters into a tighter bundle and covered it with his body like a setting hen.

For the next few minutes I coaxed and I bribed, but he wouldn't get up. Finally, I resorted to strong-arm methods and picked him up, an act that scores his dignity no end. And there, tucked into a sleeve of an old sweater, I found the toad. It's mouth was open and it was panting, probably from the unaccustomed heat of the downy couch and the weight of Mr. Blue's body.

I snatched it up and took it to the garage where I placed it in a box to be carried away later. That evening, while Mr. Blue and Sheila were visiting the neighbors, I took the toad to the main irrigation ditch and dropped it in. So far, it hasn't found its way back.



Photo, courtesy Gaines Dog Research Center  
Mitzi celebrates her 18th birthday with cake and everything in the home of her owner, Mrs. Lillian S. Wallace, Greensboro, N. C.

## Of Course You Want a Longer Life for Your Dog

**"T**HE only trouble with dogs is that they don't live long enough." This has been the complaint of dog owners down through the ages. Like humans, dogs generally are living longer today and enjoying a fuller, more active old age.

To get the facts about canine longevity, a survey was recently conducted by the Gaines Dog Research Center among owners of dogs which had lived 17 years or longer. (17 years in a dog represents about 100 years in the life of a human.) What was learned can help your dog to a better and longer life.

The questionnaires were addressed to 500 persons who owned canine centenarians. The responses covered more than 75% of the states and also Canada. The oldest dog in the survey was 26 years old!

Unlike humans, in the canine kingdom males seem to outlive females—5 out of every 8 dogs reported were male. More than 60% were mixed breeds; the rest purebred.

It's smaller dogs, apparently, who enjoy a longer life. Fox Terriers, Cocker Span-

iels, Dachshunds, Pekingese, Pomeranians and "Rat Terriers" led the centenarian parade in that order. Over half the dogs are less than 16 inches in height and weigh under 25 pounds, and there are more canine centenarians with short hair than with long or medium hair.

Most of the old-timers are still in good or fair health, including eyesight, hearing, teeth and coats, and it was only when they reached the age of 14 to 17 that signs of aging began to make their appearance. Failing eyesight and hearing were usually the first signs. In some instances stiffness and rheumatism appeared, but usually not until the dogs were 15 or older.

Now the important question: To what did the owners attribute the long life of their dogs? Most often listed is the relationship with humans. The dogs, without exception, received love and understanding, good treatment, kindness and regular care.

Good diet, as can well be imagined, was next in importance—regular feeding habits, proper foods—but no overfeeding! And plenty of fresh water.

The way of life was another important factor. The "old-timers" led rather sheltered lives; more than 80% are described as house dogs. They had warm, dry and comfortable beds; they were also given regular exercise and a substantial amount of freedom.

Health care was another factor that ranked high. At least an occasional veterinary examination, preventive inoculations, awareness and early treatment for ailments and good grooming—all contribute to longevity.

An interesting point about "companion-ship" is revealed in that in the majority of cases there were children in the family. Nearly all the dogs have lived closely with the family as a companion and traveled with their owners wherever the latter went. Apparently, dogs need people as much as some people need dogs.

Naturally, hospitalization increased with age, especially after the age of 10. Of the reasons for hospitalization, 38.1% were injured in accidents—mostly automobile. 20.9% received injuries from fights with other dogs and varied mishaps, including snake bite. But permanent injury resulted in only 29.9% of those injured.

The record quickly reveals that the interest taken by the owner in his pet made all the difference in the animal's life span.

The composite picture of the dog centenarian reveals a male of 18 years, a small breed and of doubtful parentage. His general diet as a puppy—he was usually acquired at that stage—consisted of milk, prepared dog food, meat, table scraps, vegetables and almost anything he could chew. As a mature dog he graduated to mostly dog food with meat supplements.

The typical centenarian is a house dog, sleeps indoors, but is an active fellow. At the very least he gets moderate exercise—mostly by running around his own backyard neighborhood, or going for walks on a leash.

He is carefully guarded against fights with other dogs and, especially, the reckless auto driver. He gets veterinary care, but not as regularly as he should. And, somehow, his superior mentality seems to contribute to his longevity.

If his owner really loves him—Rover stands a good chance of living to become a 17-year "centenarian".

# Animal Life in Ancient Egypt



By Ruby Zagoren

## Carvings of cattle and poultry on the tomb of Ptahhotep, Sakkara, Egypt

**W**HEN an Egyptian artist carved a graceful gazelle out of ivory back in the year 1375 B. C., he probably never dreamed that it would be treasured by a museum in a then undiscovered country. Today this ivory gazelle is on exhibition in New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Standing on a base painted to suggest the desert and its scanty plants and flowers, this gazelle was represented as an untamed creature, though ancient Egyptians maintained flocks of domesticated gazelles and some were tame enough to become pets.

Other artists besides the sculptor of this ivory gazelle, painted scenes showing gazelles sidling close to a lady's skirt to hiding under her chair, and sometimes gazelles were buried with the mistresses who loved them.

The Egyptians' fondness for gazelles is not odd, however, when one remembers the Egyptians were fond of pets of all kinds. That is why the painted carvings on the walls of Egyptian tombs show a variety of animals—dogs, monkeys, cats, and even lions. Today there is a frieze of

ducks and geese from the tomb of one of the Pharaohs, on display in the Cairo, Egypt, Museum.

The Egyptians looked upon animals as pets, yes, and also as something more than pets, for their religion and worship were closely bound up with the animals they saw and knew in everyday life. To ancient Egyptians the sky was a great cow whose four legs were planted at the four corners of the earth.

That the Egyptians felt that there was an intimate relationship between their gods and animals is shown in their representations of their gods. Each Egyptian city at that time had its own god. The city of Edfu, for instance, worshipped the god Horus. Now Horus, the god, was represented by a falcon.

In one part of Lower Egypt a statue of Horus Hawk (Falcon) was found wearing the crown of the god of that city. A long hole was drilled in the body of the bird from tail to mouth and through this long hole an oracle talked, predicted the future and gave advice.

Other cities or nomes, as they were

then called, also had their own individual gods and animals representing their gods. The city of Thebes had a god called Amen and he was represented by a ram; Memphis residents worshipped the god Ptah, who with Apis was identified with the bull; Harshat of Akhanas by a ram; the god Set of Ombos by an ass; Thoth of Hermopolis by an ibis and a baboon as well. Osiris was identified with the goat; Sekhmet, consort of Ptah, was lion-headed; Hathor, cow-headed; Apet, hippopotamus-goddess; Anubis, jackal-headed; Maahes, lion-headed; and Ophios was the wolf god of Tykapolis.

Some of these gods presided over all the interests of their worshippers, according to ancient Egyptian belief. These gods, with their animal counterparts, made husbandry fruitful and gave increase of flocks, and were on the standards in their animal forms, carried before the Army in wartime.

Besides being pets, animals, then, were also representations of religious deities and treated with honor and care by the everyday Egyptians, as well as by the artists who portrayed them.



# Alvord Wild-Life

**T**HE formal opening of the Alvord Wild-Life Sanctuary, which is owned by the Mary Mitchell Humane Fund and operated in conjunction with the American Humane Education Society, occurred on Sunday, July 29. Present at the opening ceremonies were some one hundred guests, including Society officials, educators, camp directors and representatives of humane societies from various parts of the country.

Following the invocation, and welcoming addresses by the Trustee of the Fund, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, and Director of the



(Top left) Approach to the Sanctuary and its two boat docks.

(Above left) One of four dormitories for students.

(Above) Dining area in the main lodge.

(Left) Sanctuary directors, teachers and personnel.

(Below) Main lodge, containing classroom, dining area and kitchen.



# -Life Sanctuary

Sanctuary, Lester A. Giles, Jr., the guests were taken on a tour of the Sanctuary.

During the remainder of the week, classes were held for humane society workers and following that, a two-week course for students, educators and camp counselors. All who attended the sessions were enthusiastic and many reservations have already been received for next summer's classes.

A very much augmented teaching program is planned for next year with academic credits for the course granted by Plymouth Teachers' College.



*(Top right) Close-up of one of the docks and faculty cottage.*

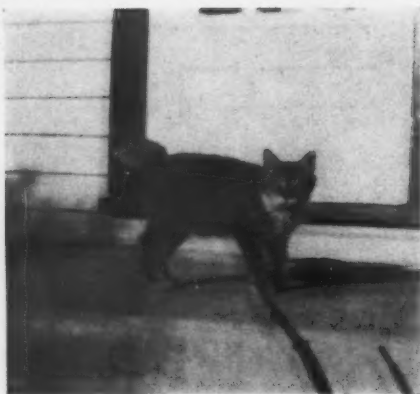
*(Above right) One of the many natives of the Sanctuary.*

*(Above) Group of guests and teacher, examining interesting specimen along the trail.*

*(Right) Student group follows nature trail through aisle of trees.*

*(Below) Welcoming address by Dr. Hansen to guests and students in classroom.*





## Story of "Baltimore"

By Frank W. Reynolds

**T**O begin with, friends asked us if we would like to have a kitten. Being great cat lovers we said, "yes," and that is how Baltimore came to us. We named him that because he so closely resembled "Chessy" of the Chesapeake & Ohio ads.

We established him in the old summer kitchen off the garage. An old green cradle and blankets served as his bed. Several days later I cut out a square in the storm door leading from the house to the garage so that the kitten could go in and out at will.

Baltimore's first real adventure came about two weeks after he came to us. When we opened the shop one morning there was no cat to greet us. We found him at last up one of the fir trees at the other side of the house, his tail puffed up at least twice its normal size. He had found an exit through the window where a pane of glass was broken. After that we moved him into the garage at least until the window was fixed.

We found him to be an overzealous helper. While I was repairing the window, Baltimore sat on the step ladder and hung his front legs off ready to grab the putty knife. On another occasion I was potting philodendrons but had so much help from our pet that I had to take them inside and shut the door.

His idea of real fun was to jump into the bath tub and play with the plug and chain, or into the lavatory bowl to play with the dropping water and get a drink at the same time.

# "The Horse Knows the Way"

By Freeman H. Hubbard

**S**OMETIMES a horse's instinct is a truer guide than a man's intelligence. One December afternoon in 1912 I was riding in an old-fashioned sleigh with a Canadian farmer across the bleak Saskatchewan prairie. A blizzard and night set in suddenly, blotting out all landmarks. We were lost! But the farmer said, "Don't worry, sonny! Daisy can find her way back."

For hours that piebald mare fought the blinding snow and wind and darkness and did not stop till the lights of home shone on her beautiful snow-covered head. I hate to think what might have happened that night if, instead of Daisy, we had been driving an automobile.

A cartoonist friend of mine, "Zim" (the late Eugene Zimmerman), told me in his own quaint language the true story of a horse he had known.

"When I was a boy," he recalled, "I worked for a huckster named Bill Marshall and boarded at his home in Totowa, N. J. I used to drive his horse, 'Bucephalus' which was named for the famous charger of Alexander the Great. In time the poor hard-working beast became so old and decrepit that Mr. Marshall finally told me to get rid of him. That order made me unhappy, for I liked Bucephalus very much.

"So I mounted his back and, like a funeral cortege, proceeded slowly up the dusty road. No historic pageant was more impressive in its simplicity than the passing of this once noble beast to his ultimate resting place.

"The spot designated for this ignominious climax to a useful life was finally reached. Crows fluttered overhead. Their caws served as a requiem. I climbed down from my burlapped elevation on the horse's back. Then I removed the steed's bridle, the last vestige of his lowly but honorable calling. I patted his head an affectionate farewell and left him alone with his misery. After a lonely walk back to Mr. Marshall's house, I cried myself to sleep.

"Early next morning, my boss awoke me with these words: 'Young man, I thought I told you to turn the nag out.'

"He led me to the barn. There the vet-

eran Bucephalus was standing in his accustomed stall, grinning at us, seemingly as full of pep as in former days. I almost wept with joy. His innards well stocked with delicious shrubs and wildflowers, Bucephalus acted like a child back from a day's outing—a treat he'd never had before. The change made a new horse of him. My boss was so pleased that he kept the faithful critter the rest of its life—and treated it well, too."

Another incident that comes to mind is far from humorous. Out in the Texas badlands, a party of eleven bronzed men, surveying a seventy-mile route for the Texas & Pacific Railway from Mustang to Sand Hills, used up all of their precious water supply. They stopped work and sought desperately for a pond which they had been told was located nearby. With parched throats and cracked lips, they searched in vain.

The resident engineer in charge of construction, W. S. Warren, said to his men: "No use trying any longer to find that pond, if there ever was one. The nearest water we can be sure of is the Pecos River, thirty miles west. If we ride the strongest horses and turn the others loose, maybe we can make it to that place."

With these words he tightened his saddle cinches in readiness to start on the long ride for water on which the lives of all depended.

The trek was a saga of rail history. One man, bitten by a rattlesnake, died in the sagebrush. Finally, Warren and five others reached the bank of the muddy river.

The six men filled their canteens and rode back to those who had fallen on the trail. All four were pretty far gone, but the water revived them. Later, the railroad surveyors returned to the place where they had been working. They were amazed to find the pond only three miles away—and around its swampy rim the horses they had turned loose were grazing contentedly in the lush green grass!

"Can you beat that?" Warren asked hoarsely. "If we'd have had sense enough to follow those horses we could have saved a man's life and prevented a lot of trouble for us all."

Yes, "the horse knows the way."

# Three Decades of The Angell Memorial

By **Gerry B. Schnelle, V.M.D.**

## PART TWO

### The Second Decade 1936 - 1946

During this decade aseptic surgery became commonplace at the Angell Memorial (although then very rare in veterinary colleges and virtually unknown in private practice). A diagnostic laboratory was added and the intern program launched; twenty-four hour nursing with trained personnel became effective. The development of aseptic surgery opened the way for new and effective techniques for the repair of severe (but common) fractures of the upper legs of dogs and cats. Under the consuming interest and driving zeal of Dr. Schroeder the hospital pioneered in modern fracture treatment. The Schroeder-Thomas splint for fracture repair came into being and is still in extensive use. Free use and understanding of the x-ray apparatus contributed mightily to our knowledge of fracture repair and bone healing and Dr. Schroeder became a greatly desired lecturer at veterinary meetings and colleges throughout the country. He also spoke before groups of physicians and surgeons who in many instances followed veterinary practice in utilizing these new "radical" procedures of fracture treatment.

The diagnostic laboratory and autopsy room were built in this second decade and a full time technician was hired to do routine urine and blood examinations and blood chemistry. Diagnostic acumen, therapeutic skill, and greater accuracy in diagnosis followed as knowledge succeeded these revelations of the laboratory. Increased interest in autopsies helped also to further our knowledge of disease and helped us better to treat the kin of those deceased.

Dr. Dailey died during this decade after an extended illness, and Dr. Schroeder became the new chief of staff.

An idea which developed into the intern training program came into being in 1940 when three new graduates accepted appointments for the fifteen-month term. The intern program was rudely interrupted during the war years as graduates went

directly to the services and the 4F's had little time for graduate training.

During the war, Drs. Wilcox, Scamman, Leighton, Arlein and Schnelle entered the Army of the United States for varying periods. The writer saw service as officer in charge of veterinary activities of the War Dog Reception and Training Center at Front Royal, Virginia.

The text, "Radiology in Canine Practice", authored by the writer, was published in 1945, the first book to emerge from the Angell Memorial staff, and gave evidence of progress and research in clinical medicine, as well as the specialized field of the x-ray, of the entire hospital staff.

The clinical diagnostic laboratory which had come into being in 1945 progressed to more difficult blood chemistry and to other more elaborate diagnostic tests. Dr. Arlein returned from the Army and devoted part of his time to the diagnostic laboratory and to organization of a department of pathology. In this decade the hospital assumed a position of outstanding leadership in small animal medicine and surgery. During the war, short courses on first aid to animals were conducted at the hospital, staff members lecturing to a total of 86 persons, preparing them for

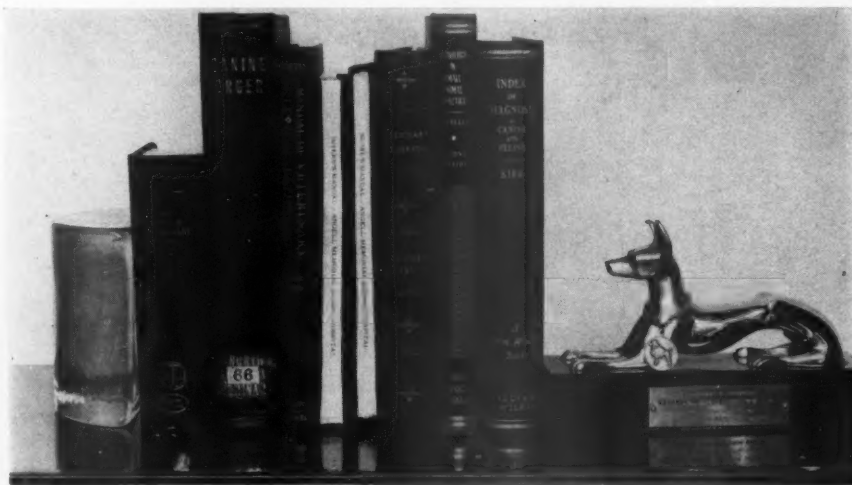
the home emergency which fortunately never came.

Ward G, our first new ward in twenty years, was completed; concrete, glass and steel being used in making the cages. It was the first departure from steel wire and wooden "cages" for animals and actually provided small rooms which were large, light and sanitary beyond anything in the hospital used prior to this time. A ward for the treatment of canine distemper and other contagious viral diseases was completed in 1940-41. Previously this area, not intended to be part of the hospital, had been set aside for distemper afflicted dogs. This modern sanitary ward, capable of housing sixty animals, was dedicated to John R. Macomber, long a trustee and dedicated friend of the Society and of the Hospital.

### Third Decade 1946 - 1956

During the next ten years the hospital was to progress to a remarkable degree. No small part of this advance was due to the enthusiasm, encouragement and support of the new president of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., Dr. Eric H. Hansen.

Dr. David L. Coffin came to us from the  
(Continued on Page 14)



Many phases of veterinary medicine have been dealt with in books and pamphlets by staff veterinarians.



Staff members have spoken before veterinary groups in thirty-three states and some foreign countries.

(Continued from Page 13)

University of Pennsylvania to head the new department of pathology. Since then the department has grown to include a resident Fellow in pathology, three technicians and a secretary.

New procedures were undertaken in the field of clinical diagnosis from a laboratory standpoint. A fellowship in pathology was first offered in 1949, and Dr. Aage Thordal-Christensen came to us from the Royal Danish Veterinary College. He was followed by another Dane, Dr. Svend Nielsen. The third Fellow was Dr. Anders Strande from the Royal Norwegian Veterinary College, and he was succeeded by a charming Dutch girl, Dr. Alida Wind from the Veterinary College of the Ne-

therlands. Our present Acting Pathologist, Dr. Hans Meier, came from the Veterinary College at Zurich, Switzerland and completed a second year as Resident in Pathology before assuming his present post.

Applicants from many foreign lands are considered for this popular fellowship, an indication of the fame of the hospital far beyond the United States. A young Scottish woman, Dr. Susan Clark, has been accepted for the fellowship beginning this year. She has a background of three years of study and teaching of pathology at the Royal (Dick) Veterinary College at Edinburgh, Scotland.

Four former interns, Drs. Elizabeth Fortune, Jean Holzworth, Margaret Petrak

and Robert Griffiths were added to the staff in this decade. Drs. Myron Arlein, Marvin Rothman and Donald Clifford resigned from the staff and Dr. Schneider left to take charge of the clinic at Northampton Street.

### Research

Research at the Angell Memorial is a constantly moving thing, with individual staff members pursuing various disease and clinical problems under the direction of and in collaboration with department heads. Research is conducted on a clinical or pathological basis and experimental animals are never used. It is a policy of the hospital that research be done, but that it be done by study of tissues, by clinical laboratory work, by study of accumulated records, by the use and adaptation of tried techniques and procedures from human medicine, by controlled use of new drugs, but never by creating a disease in order to study it.

*Pancreatic disease* has become understood to a much greater degree through new diagnostic tests combined with histopathologic study of the tissues of the pancreas itself. Studies carried out by Drs. Thordal-Christensen, Coffin, Munson and other staff members, have helped to unravel the complexities in this not uncommon canine disease. They also show that while some aspects of it are similar to pancreatitis in man, it does have marked differences also.

*Anemias* were studied at considerable length by Drs. Coffin, Patterson and Holzworth, and cures never thought possible were obtained. Dr. Holzworth's continuing work on anemias in the cat show that various types of this blood disease are more common to this species than to our other patients.

*Surgical techniques*, many entirely new, have been developed by Dr. Blakely to contribute to the comfort, well-being, and many times to the lives of our patients.

*Diseases and surgery of the eye* have been of particular interest to Dr. Munson, and with the collaboration of surgeons from the Massachusetts General Hospital's Eye and Ear Infirmary, he has contributed considerably to surgery of the eye and its appendages.

New *tumors* and studies of their behavior have been described by Dr. Meier, Dr. Holzworth and Dr. Coffin. Most of the tumors described in man have been found



Scientific articles emanating from the Hospital have appeared in veterinary and other medical journals.

in various of our animal patients, and while our intention is primarily to help them, a real contribution to the understanding of cancer and its behavior comes from this work.

*Subacute bacterial endocarditis*, a heart disease due to infection in both dogs and cats, has been studied comprehensively by Drs. Shouse, Holzworth and Meier. Entirely new disease entities due to this disease have been studied, and extensive publication of the results have been done.

*Regional ileitis* (President Eisenhower's disease) was the subject of a study by Drs. Petrak and Anders Strande. Three cases of this illness were reported in cocker spaniel dogs.

Through a contribution of Mrs. Brewster Sewall, a study was made of the various bacteria involved in ear and eye infections in dogs and of their sensitivity to the newer antibiotics.

#### Staff Activities

Staff veterinarians have traveled from Maine to Florida, to Texas, to California, to the Pacific Northwest and even to Sweden, to speak to veterinary groups in thirty-three states and the District of Columbia; to ten of our veterinary colleges, to various medical and public health group meetings and at medical schools. Their lectures have been on new discoveries, on surgery, and on medical treatments developed at the Hospital. The impact of the hospital on small animal medicine and surgery, begun in the second decade, was to expand to greater heights than that attained by any other veterinary institution in the country.

In the past two decades scientific articles from staff members and visiting Fellows of the hospital have appeared in print in various veterinary and medical journals in this or in foreign countries. Many phases of veterinary medicine as it applies to pet animals have been dealt with. A complete bibliography follows this report.

Two enlarged volumes of Dr. Coffin's text, "A Manual of Veterinary Clinical Pathology" were published from the hospital.

A second edition of the text on radiology, (the first in the English language) called "Radiology in Small Animal Practice", came from the writer's years of effort and study of the diagnostic value of the x-ray.

Drs. Blakely, Munson and Schnelle contributed considerably to the new text,



Recovery Ward in the Erwin F. Schroeder Surgical Suite, first of its kind.

"Canine Surgery", which had two editions in this decade, and these veterinarians, together with Drs. Fortune and Holzworth, made extensive contributions to the "Merck Manual of Veterinary Medicine".

Four motion picture films were made of surgical procedures to be shown for teaching purposes throughout the country.

Color slides by the thousands have been taken to be used in teaching and to illustrate publications of the hospital. The slide collection includes step by step photography in color of surgical and anesthetic

procedures, lesions of various diseases, showing their response to specific therapy and many, many slides of organs and tissues taken at autopsy.

The new Erwin F. Schroeder Surgical Suite was completed in 1948, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Schrafft. This most modern suite contains all facilities for the successful completion of complicated surgical procedures with comfort and safety to the patients. The suite included what was undoubtedly the first Re-

(Continued on Page 18)



Here are facilities for the successful completion of complicated surgical procedures.

# CHILDREN'S



## By Boys and Girls

**N**OW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

### My Kitty and I

By Judy Fassler (Age 10)

*When Autumn comes my kitty and I  
Play in the leaves which 'round us fly . . .  
I rake up the leaves and we jump in  
And cover ourselves right up to the chin!  
The restless leaves blow up and down  
No longer green, but crisp and brown.*

*'Round and 'round my kitty races.  
Up and down the yard she chases  
After leaves of every size . . .  
Are they sparrows in disguise?  
We hate to see the summer die  
But Autumn's fun for kitty and I!*



### Love of a Pup

By Beverly Meekins (Age 13)

**F**ROM the very first "Blacky" took to the children. Blacky was a little black, mangy pup. She came one day before the children came home from school.

The family already had two dogs, and the parents didn't want any more. One of these was a little white puppy with black and brown spots and a black spot where the tail should have been. This pup was born tailless. His name was "Buster." The old dog's name was "Pal"; she was Buster's mother.

Buster and Blacky could hardly be parted, but while Pal liked Blacky, she didn't pay much attention to her.

The next morning when the children went to school the little pup followed, until one of them went back to get something she had forgotten. Blacky went back with her. Getting what she had forgotten, she started back, but Blacky stayed at home.

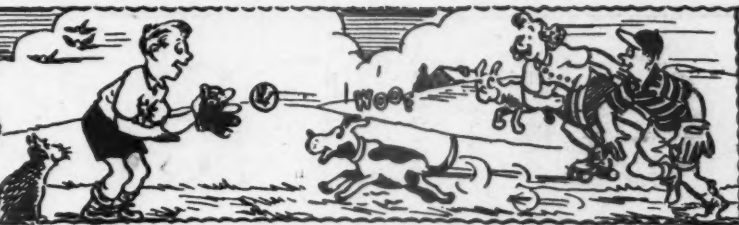
### His Name is "Joe"

**I** HAVE a pet dog and his name is "Joe." I feed him every morning and every evening, when I go home. I play with him and pet him also. He plays with the cats and the chickens. He is black and white. I love my dog. I give him fresh water every day.

—Joyce Brooks (Grade 5)

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# PAGES



## Slice of Bread that Climbed a Tree

By Alice Boorman Williamson

OH, what a cold morning! Betty sat up in bed. She yawned and stretched. Then she remembered something nice—the snow! She hopped out of bed and into her red slippers, and skipped to the window to look at the snow.

"I love the snow, I love the snow!" she sang as she dressed. It had snowed two days before and now there was a fine, hard crust. "But it's not so nice for the poor birds," she thought. "I'll ask Mamma for some crumbs to feed them."

"Of course, darling," said her mother. "All the seed pods on the weeds are hidden under tufts of snow. All the little bugs are hidden, too. There's nothing for the birds to eat."

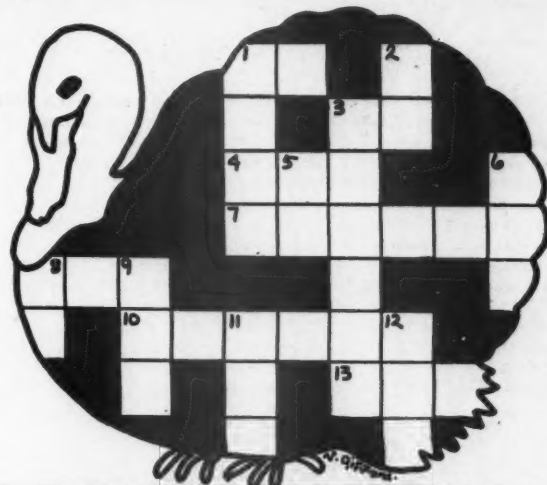
After breakfast, Betty crumbled a muffin while Mamma chopped up some suet.





Betty's home was a third-floor-back apartment in the city. There were several trees near the windows but their branches were high above the ground. The food must be put on the window sill or thrown down on the snow.

Mamma went over to open the kitchen window. She glanced out. What she saw surprised her so much that she called: "Betty, Betty, come quick!"

Betty ran to her side. "Why Mamma," she gasped. "It's a slice of bread climbing a tree."

They stood spellbound, watching the strange sight. There, right before their astonished eyes, went a large slice of white bread, steadily climbing a tall trunk! It went up and up and UP; then stopped and began to jiggle around. And then they saw . . . Two little paws, and a little head with two bright eyes! Two rows of sharp teeth began to crunch the slice of bread! It was Master Bunny Squirrel, eating the breakfast that some kind person had put out for him this cold winter morning. He had carried it up the tree in his mouth. His gray fur was the same color as the bark and did not show. So it looked as if the bread were really taking a walk all by itself!



ACROSS	DOWN
1. 	1. SISTER OF ONE'S PARENT.
3. GREEN TRAFFIC LIGHT.	2. THEREFORE.
4. NEITHER.	3. 
7. AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.	5. AN EXCLAMATION.
8. 	6. TO REQUEST.
10. 	8. POST SCRIPT-ABBY.
13. TO PLACE.	9. AND SO FORTH.
	11. CEREAL.
	12. YEA.

## What Bird Puzzle

By Bertha R. Hudelson

What bird puts its big egg on  
The back of its broad feet,  
And there it lies for warmth beneath  
Its feathers thick and neat?  
This bird has never touched dry land;  
Its home is where the snow  
And ice last twelve long months;  
It weighs ninety pounds, or so!

To find the name of this bird, take the bold letters and place them in the right order. Two words.

Answer: Emperor penguin.

Answers to Crossword Puzzle: Across — 1. Ax, 3. Go, 4. Nor, 7. Thanks, 8. Pie, 10. Turkey, 13. Set. Down — 1. Aunt, 2. So, 3. Grapes, 5. Oh, 6. Ask, 8. P. S., 9. etc., 11. Rye, 12. Yes.

(Continued from Page 15)

covery Ward in any veterinary institution in this country. It has proved a boon to both animals recovering from anesthesia and to the nurses and attendants in charge of them.

Dr. Schroeder retired in 1950 due to ill health, and died after a comparatively short period of retirement.

In order to improve the services of the hospital, Dr. Blakely was made Director of Surgery, with supervision not only of all surgery that is done in the hospital, but also of all personnel connected with the surgical suite, the preparation of surgical materials, sterile goods, fluids for injection, anesthetics, care of instruments, et cetera.

In the course of the gradual evolution of the hospital from a large and small animal hospital to one devoted entirely to small animals, two horse wards on the main floor were rebuilt. Ward E was reconstructed, using ceramic tile and stainless steel, into a modern, sanitary ward for dogs and cats. Ward F was rebuilt, using cages already in the hospital, an economic necessity.

In the latter half of the decade a new ward (L) was built next to the surgical suite to serve as a ward for patients recovering from operations. This ward is now used to its full capacity and both its design and its nearness to the surgery contribute to efficiency of operation and effectiveness of care.

Last year Ward I was redone in a similar manner and both surgical and medical patients are housed in this area. This was named the Hathaway Ward in memory of a generous benefactor of the hospital.

•  
**O**UR treatment of animals will some day be considered barbarous. There cannot be perfect civilization until man realizes that the rights of every living creature are as sacred as his own.

—David Starr Jordan

•  
**A** bird in the hand is a certainty, but the bird in the bush may sing!

—Francis Bret Harte

•  
**T**HE Man who does not read good books has no advantage over the man who can't read them.

—Mark Twain

## No Place Like Home

By Jack M. Swartout

**N**OT so long ago, the newspapers carried a little story about a man in Arizona, Mr. Seymour Ryan and his cat, "Skipper." It seems that Mr. Ryan moved from Tucson to Phoenix, taking his pet with him. Skipper, however, could not accustom himself to his new surroundings, and so one day he disappeared. Some weeks later Mr. Ryan discovered that the cat had returned to his old home in Tucson. Skipper apparently, had walked 125 miles over some of the most barren desert country in the United States. Mr. Ryan took his cat back to Phoenix with him, but again he disappeared, turning up as before in Tucson.

Some time later, there appeared another story in the papers about another cat that performed a similar traveling feat. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Briddon, Jr., of Rochester, New York, went for a stroll one evening and took their cat, Belquique, with them. The cat, for some reason or other, became separated from her owners and walked all the way to Culver, Indiana, before she stopped—a distance of 550 miles. Six weeks later, footsore and starved to half her normal weight, she returned to her home in Rochester.

For still another example of feline mobility, consider the case of Yellow Jack, a big yellow tom who had originally belonged to Mr. McCullen, of Benton Harbor, Michigan, but who, about three years ago, had been given to a Mrs. Clemmons, of Hayti, Missouri. Yellow Jack was apparently well satisfied with life until Fourth of July came around, when Mr. McCullen paid Mrs. Clemmons a visit. At this time, he redeemed his former pet, bringing him back to his original Michigan home. Within three hours after he had been returned, however, Yellow Jack disappeared. One hundred and twenty days later—one hundred and twenty days during which he had covered at least 600 miles—he was found scratching on the door of his favored Missouri home.

These three stories—and no doubt many others of a similar nature could be cited—not only illustrate the remarkable stamina and sense of direction possessed by cats, but they also show the home-loving character of these fascinating animals.

## Dog On the Taxi

By Tom Farley

**T**HE average dog owner feels that his pet is the cutest little canine trick who ever graced a leash. He'd like to show him off to the entire world. A few dog owners like Francis Barraud, the artist who painted the original of "His Master's Voice," famous Victor trademark, and Albert Staehle, whose Cocker Spaniel, "Butch," adorns *Saturday Evening Post* covers, have succeeded in sharing their pets with millions of people. But perhaps no other dog owner has ever placed his pet in the public eye in as unique a manner as Daniel Arnstein, president of a New York taxi company.

Mr. Arnstein has been in the taxi business in New York and Chicago for several decades. Some years back a friend presented him with a pure bred Dachshund puppy. "Wags," as Arnstein named the puppy, charmed his master so completely that Arnstein decided he would like to share him with his passengers. So about two years ago decalomania of Wags began to appear on the doors of the company's taxis.

As they came in for repair or as equipment was replaced, the number of taxis bearing Wags' picture increased until today, a good portion of Arnstein's 670 cabs carry the Dachshund symbol. The name of the company is now Wags Transportation System.

To illustrate a recent article on Manhattan, a national magazine used a picture of a taxi loading at Grand Central Terminal. It was one of the Wags fleet.

"That's the way it is," says Joseph Katel, general manager of the company, who shares his employer's enthusiasm for Wags. "It's like a national institution. People come to New York to ride in the taxi with the dog on the door."

Not long ago, a California visitor who had ridden in a Wags cab during her stay in New York wrote to the company, requesting a picture of Wags. She wanted to send it to her son, another Dachshund enthusiast. The company happily complied.

Sometimes Wags, in the flesh, visits the large midtown garage of the company that bears his name and likeness. It's apparent to everyone, of course, how his master feels about him and "Wags is a one-man dog, and always has been," one of Arnstein's employees puts it. "He's just the boss' dog, that's all."

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1865) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

**I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of .....**  
dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

## PUBLICATIONS

**For Sale by the AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Please enclose remittance with orders. Price includes postage.

### Leaflets on the care and feeding of pets.

	Dozen	Hundred*
Care of a Pet Rabbit	20 cts.	\$1.25
Care of Canaries	20 cts.	\$1.25
Parrot and Parakeet Book	25 cts. Each	
Parakeets as Pets	20 cts.	\$1.50
A Loyal Friend	20 cts.	\$1.50
Care of the Dog	40 cts.	\$3.00
Suggestions for Feeding Growing Dogs	75 cts.	\$5.00
Eulogy on the Dog, by Sen. Vest, post card	20 cts.	\$1.25
Cushioned Claws	20 cts.	\$1.50
Care of the Cat	40 cts.	\$3.00
The Beggar Cat, post card	20 cts.	\$1.25
First Aid to Animals	40 cts.	\$3.00
The Eternal Turtle	40 cts.	\$3.00
Care of the Horse	60 cts.	\$4.00

Any of the above leaflets and also the following help teachers to integrate units of work from the world of natural phenomena as a part of the total school program.

Care of the Cat—35mm. black and white filmstrip which comes complete with teacher's manual	\$2.00 Each	
Nature Recreation—book by Dr. W. G. Vinal	\$3.50 Each	
You and Your Dog—elementary grades	40 cts.	\$3.00
What Do You Know About Animals?	40 cts.	\$3.00
Ways of Kindness	40 cts.	\$3.00
Cruelty at Eastertime	40 cts.	\$3.00
Pic, Barb and Sword	40 cts.	\$3.00
Nature Study in the Camp Program	20 cts.	\$1.50
Animal Plays—		
The Kindness Train	80 cts.	\$6.00
One Morning Long Ago	30 cts.	\$2.00
Lower Grade Unit on Dogs and Cats	20 cts.	\$1.25
Dog and Cat Care	60 cts.	\$4.00

### Supplies for the formation of Junior Humane Societies

Be Kind to Animals blotters	2 cts.	\$1.25
Junior Humane Society pins—dog, cat and bird on red	40 cts.	\$3.00
White Star Band of Mercy pins—on blue ground with gilt letters and border	20 cts.	\$1.50
Be Kind to Animals pins—three styles		
Humane Society, Band of Mercy, S. P. C. A.		
dog, cat, horse, bird on white background	20 cts.	\$1.50
Junior Humane Society—Band of Mercy membership cards	12 cts.	\$1.00

The monthly magazine, "Our Dumb Animals," with pictures, stories, articles and two children's pages—15 cts. a copy, \$1.50 per year.

Samples of the above leaflets and magazine will be sent free upon request.

\* In lots of 500 16-2/3% discount on 100 price

In lots of 1000 33-1/3% discount on 100 price

## Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1956 Bound Volume of OUR DUMB ANIMALS will be ready for mailing soon. The price for this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is a low, low \$2.25.

Please send check or money order to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

## Nature Recreation

Dr. William G. Vinal's book, NATURE RECREATION, is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as a program of ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials.

This book will fill the often stated demand of teachers, Junior Humane Societies, Scout leaders, camps and clubs for an inexpensive guide for outdoor activities.

Selling for \$3.50 each, NATURE RECREATION may be secured by writing to the Wildlife and Conservation Department, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

## THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. OR THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY			
Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

Since 1832  
**J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.**  
Funeral Service  
Local—Suburban—Distant



# Christmas Shopping?

**Let us do it for you**

*A* year's subscription to OUR DUMB ANIMALS is bound to please your friends and relatives — young or old. Not just once, but 12 times will your gift renew itself.

Pages of appealing animal pictures and stories just as fascinating, will provide pleasure the whole year through.

The price is only \$1.00 each *if 5 or more subscriptions are ordered at one time* (foreign subscriptions, please add 50 cents each for postage). The price is \$1.50 each if less than five are ordered. That includes the gift card pictured above which is printed in old-fashioned Christmas colors of red and green.

Please send your order as quickly as possible. We will send the card for you and do our very best to see that it arrives before Christmas and that your gift will begin with the January issue.

**All you do is this:**

1. PRINT the names and addresses of all those you wish to remember.
2. Tell us how you want us to sign your gift card.
3. Enclose your check, money order or cash in the correct amount for your order.
4. Include your own name and address.
5. Mail to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.
6. *Relax in a comfortable easy chair and have a very, very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!*

